



# Anything for Robby

Chapter 5



## Anything for Robby 5

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Slippery slopes lead to only one place: the bottom. Betty's 18-year-old son, Rob, had nudged her onto a licentious decline. She could find no traction. The housewife didn't know where their lust pit bottomed out, but she suspected she'd find out.

One stop for Betty on the way down was at the five-and-dime, buying a box of extra-large condoms. Her husband's condoms didn't fit Rob all that well, and they couldn't use too many without risking discovery. Betty paid the store clerk, a deep blush on her cheeks, and rushed to get home before school let out for the day.





Several hours later, Betty found herself naked on her back, her legs spread in the air. The ceiling in her son's room was lit beautifully by afternoon sunlight. She had spent so much time staring at the ceiling lately. Rob punished her vagina with long, powerful strokes. All around them on Rob's bed lay torn condom packets and used condoms. Rob had taken her up to his room as soon as he got home. They hadn't stopped mating since.



"Your father ... will be home ... uh ... uh ... uh ... soon." Betty couldn't believe her son's staying power. Once erect, he seemed never to tire. She wondered if he would simply leave his penis inside her all day every day if she let him. "We have to ... ooohhhhhh ... clean up, Robby. I need to ..." Betty's breasts wobbled and shifted back and forth on her chest with every thrust. "... make dinner." "Just a little longer, Mom." Rob moved her legs over his shoulders for added leverage. "Are you my girl now? Is this my pussy?"



Betty shook her head and looked away from her son at one of the posters on his wall. There was a smiling cowboy on a horse with an Indian woman riding next to him. It was from some movie Rob liked. She wondered if the Indian had given herself to the cowboy like Betty had given herself to Rob.



"Dad doesn't deserve your pussy." Rob stopped his hips and pressed his dick all the way inside her, holding it there. "I made you my girl."

"Share ... with your ... father." Betty's eyes rolled as she felt him hit one of those places inside her that only his penis could reach.

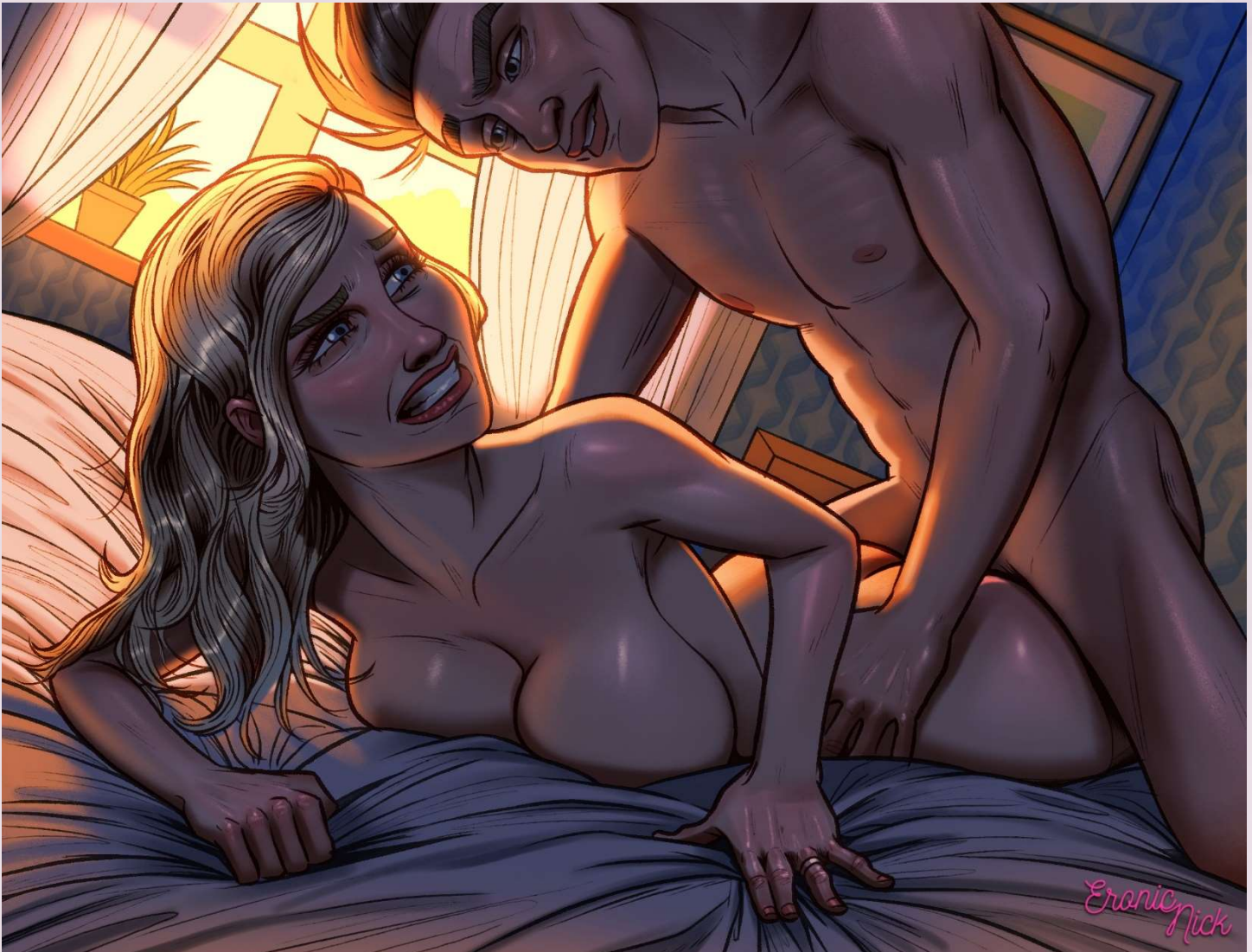
"I shouldn't have to share *all* of you with Dad." Rob pulled out, grabbed her right hip, and flipped her onto her stomach. He pulled off the condom and tossed it behind him. His dick was slick with cum. He pushed her legs together and nudged her butthole with his purple head. "Dad ever do you here?"



"No," Betty squeaked. No one had ever put their gadget in her backside.

"This will be my hole then." Rob slid several inches into her butt. He watched his mother tense her back and grip his sheet tightly with both hands. "I should get one hole that's all mine. That okay with you?"

"Yes ... Robby. So ... tight." Betty was such a pushover. She felt pain at first, but that quickly changed as Rob slid more into her. Several minutes later, her hips bounced off the mattress. Her shrieks filled the house. "Take it ... for yourself ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... Robby. Take my ... butt," she howled.



After Rob finished, Betty wobbled toward the door, holding her clothes behind her to catch the cum that leaked out of her backside. "Clean up those condoms ... and change the sheets," she said in a shaky voice. She stopped at the door and leaned against the frame. "Don't let your father see them in the trash."

"Sure, Mom." Rob, his dick finally deflating, picked the used condoms off the bed.

"I'm going to clean up and make dinner." Betty walked down the hall on unsteady legs.